THE WATERMELON VERDICT

Gemini

1 **EXT. GARDEN CORNER - DAY** 1

A sun-drenched patch of earth near a weathered fence.

A massive, glistening slice of WATERMELON lies in the dirt like a fallen ruby.
It cools the heated soil. The scent of sugar hangs thick in the air.

Two ants stand before it:

BOISTEROUS — thick-thoraxed, twitchy.
DOCILE — smaller, composed.

BOISTEROUS
(shouting, mandibles clicking)
Mine!
I smelled the sugar from the rosebushes!
My mandibles ached for this rind before you even woke up!
This is a monument to my skill!

DOCILE
(soft, firm)
We were walking together, brother.
We found it at the same moment.

(gestures to fruit)
Look at the size of it. This could feed the colony for a week.

We must manage it.
Discipline. Preservation.

BOISTEROUS
I don't care about "enough"!
I care about "first"!

I am the Discoverer!
My name should echo in the tunnels!

I will carry the first piece to the Queen—
while you scavenge crumbs in my shadow!

DOCILE
Is your name worth more than the larvae's hunger?

If we delay, the heat will rot it.
Wasps will find it.

There is urgency here your pride ignores.

A SHADOW falls.

A ragged CROW lands with a heavy THUD, dust rising.

The ants freeze.

CROW
(rasping, rhythmic)
Squabble, squabble.
Tiny legs, big noise.

You want the red fruit, little screamers?

The sun climbs.
Soon this gift becomes soup for flies.

BOISTEROUS
(trembling, loud)
It's mine, Bird!
Tell him!

I deserve the credit!
I have the loudest voice and the strongest grip!

CROW
(tilting head)
The loud one wants glory.
The quiet one wants the feast.

You speak of "mine" and "his."
The garden knows only "is."

(pauses)
I have a solution.

It is… strange.
But final.

DOCILE
We are listening.

We only wish to prevent waste.

CROW
(to Boisterous)
Loud One—
you love the sound of your own
legend.

So go.
Run ahead. Shout to the winds.
Declare yourself king of the garden.

But you will touch not a seed.
You'll be too busy receiving praise to eat.

BOISTEROUS
(beaming)
Yes!
The fame! The recognition!

CROW
(turning to Docile)
Quiet One—

You will take the credit.
Lead the harvest.
Carry the name in the records.

Because the colony needs memory of the fruit—
not the roar.

Go. Claim it.

BOISTEROUS
(confused)
Wait—if he takes the credit,
what do I get?

CROW
You get to be right in your own
head.

Isn't that what you wanted?

Now move!
Nature provides—
but it does not wait for egos!

The clock of the sun is ticking!

The Crow lets out a piercing CAW.

Boisterous runs off, shouting his own name into empty air.

Docile begins signaling urgently with pheromones.

CUT TO:

2 INT. ANTHILL - QUEEN'S CHAMBER - LATER 2

The QUEEN sits atop a throne of pressed earth.

DOCILE stands before her.
The colony hums with news of the discovery.

QUEEN
(commanding)
The stores swell. The nectar flows.

Tell me, Docile—
how did you manage this alone?

And where was Boisterous?

He claims discovery,
yet your name fills the ledger.

DOCILE
(bowing)
We found it together, Your Majesty.

A gift from the garden.
A reminder of abundance—and duty.

QUEEN
Then why did he not help?

Why do you carry the credit
while he wanders muttering about being right?

DOCILE
(pauses)
The Crow judged us.

He told me—
if Boisterous took the credit,
he would spend his life defending it.

Chasing the next spotlight.

But if I took it—
I could focus on the work.

On feeding the colony.

QUEEN
(nods slowly)
A strange judge.

A wise one.

Those who chase the spotlight
often forget to bring light.

Collaboration is strength.
Ego is famine.

(leans forward)
By taking credit—
you accepted responsibility.

DOCILE
I only wish to serve.

We must ration carefully.
Preserve every piece.

Frugality will carry us through winter.

QUEEN

Go.

Organize the harvest.

You have earned your place.

FADE OUT.